THE

FAVOURITE.

[Price Two Shillings.]

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THE

FAVOURITE;

A CHARACTER FROM THE LIFE.

ADDRESSED TO THE

SOVEREIGN MINION OF THE TIMES,

ON THE MUCH-LAMENTED

DEATH of the *patriotic* EARL of CHATHAM.

Pit
k

DEDICATED

To that *rare* Society of [Caledonian] *Gentlemen*, the *Critical Reviewers*, who, *in their Motto*,

"——— Nothing *extenuate*,
Nor ſet down Aught in *Malice*."

"——— Is this the *gallant*, gay LOTHARIO?"—
ROWE's Fair Penitent.

LONDON,
Printed for J. BEW, in Pater-Noſter-Row.
MDCCLXXVIII.

THE

FAVOURITE;

&c.

PREFERR'D to quench a *Meſſalina*'s *Rage*,

In *Life* the falſe *Lothario* of the *Stage* * ;

A *Roſcius* in *Diſſimulation*'s Part,

A fawning *Courtier* with a *Rebel*'s Heart;

* Whoever recollects the *Exhibitions* at the Dutcheſs of *Q----ſb--y*'s Theatre, muſt take our Author's *Cue*. *Lothario*, admired in the *Drama*, was inſerted in the *Train* of a *great Perſonage*, whoſe Temper was eaſy, *unſuſpecting*, and naturally ſweet; of unbounded *Generoſity*, and uncommon *Goodneſs of Heart*, but *(unfortunately)* of ſmall Diſcernment in the *real Characters* of Mankind.

To whom *athletic* Vigour *Merit* gave,
In *lep'rous* Beds diſguſting *Letch'ry*'s Slave;
There the *perfidious Thiſtle*'s ſpurious Seed,
Obtruding in the *G----n Courſer*'s Stead,
With mingled *Itch* preſum'd to *mend* the Breed:
A *Tyrant* where you durſt uſurp the *Rein*;
Adult'ry's Minion, and a *Nation*'s Bane:
A *Foe* to *Britain*, yet its S-v----n's *Friend*;
A *Loyaliſt*, to ſerve ſome *private End:*
A *State-Financier* once——with Head *too weak*
To make *ſix Figures* in *one Total* ſpeak:
Rejected * where a *Thane* might well *command*,
Curſing the Suff'rage of your *native Land*,
You flew diſguſted to a *Scottiſh Iſle*,
The Seat of *Treaſon*, *Treachery*, and *Guile*;

* *Some Thanes*, like *Prophets*, " have *Honour*, ſave in *their own Country*."—

There,

There, like a *Monk*, in your ſequeſter'd Cell
Baſely reſolv'd to *govern*, or *rebel*;
There form'd of future *Pride* the riſing Shoot,
Foſt'ring *Ambition* in the *Iſle of B---*;
There *Vanity Lothario*'s Cradle rock'd,
And *Malice* * brought her *Quiver* amply ſtock'd:
Effront'ry felt her *Care* a pleaſing Taſk,
Arm'd you to *claim* what *Prudence* durſt not *aſk*;
Maſk'd *Sc---iſh Falſehood* with *Hibernian Grace*,
And gave you ev'ry *uſeful* Strength of *Face*.
Fraud train'd you there *true Virtue* to ſupplant †,
And *Simulation* taught you all her *Cant*;

How

* The World is too well acquainted with innumerable inſtances of *Lothario*'s Spleen and Malice vented in *Tricks*, *Plots*, *Lies*, and *Libels*, againſt *all his patriotic Opponents*; particularly in the Caſes of Mr. *Legge* and Lord *Chatham*.

† The great Lord *Chatham*, after having raiſed this Country to an higher Pitch of *commercial Wealth* and *military Glory* than it had ever known, was *baſely counterworked*, *calumniated*, *ſupplanted*, and obliged to *reſign*, to make way for *mean miniſterial Submiſſions* to that contemptible Power, *Spain*; and as mean a *Peace*, or rather *miniſterial Compromiſe*, with *France*, who, with

How to aſſume *Shapes* yet unknown, untry'd,
And when to throw the *ſpecious Maſk* aſide;
To *ſelfiſh* Ends each Word, Act, Look, to ſuit,
By *Bribes* to gain, by *Slander* * to refute;
With *Promiſes* † a *Nation* to ſurprize,
And raiſe *falſe Hopes* by fabricating *Lies* ‡:
Utter'd with Hand upon your *Heart*—what P—r
Bluſh'd not to feel ſuch *Falſehoods* wound his Ear?

with an *exhauſted Treaſury*, then lay at the Feet of *Great Britain*, from whence ſhe was moſt compaſſionately *raiſed* by the *Influence* of *one Man*, ſeconded by the *ignorant*, *infamous*, and *ſelfiſh Treaty* of *another*. How muſt this Nation curſe the deteſtible *Letters B*— and *B*——, their *factious Parties*, and their *ſelf-intereſted Cabals?*—" *A Plague on both their Houſes!*"

* Moſt plentifully ſcattered from every hireling Pen of *B*---'s Party againſt the late *renowned* Lord *Chatham*.

† Upon the Riſing of *B*---'s *Sun*, a Kind of abſurd *Manifeſto*, full of moſt ridiculous and impolitic *Promiſes*, was publiſhed.—

‡ Of the Truth of this Suggeſtion the *Common Council of London* and *Sir James Hodges* were Witneſſes in Relation to the *Exciſe on Cyder*.—Note alſo *another Lie*, in the Face of a *great Aſſembly*, in Relation to the *Family-Compact*, when *Mr. Pitt* would have chaſtiſed *Spain*, had he not been *counteracted*.—L--d *T--ple* can vouch the Truth of this Aſſertion. It is in every one's Memory. To *theſe Falſehoods* the Author chiefly refers. Both theſe *Lies* were publiſhed by their AUTHOR in a *very great Aſſembly*. The *Auditors* all ſtared—they were confounded by *ſuch audacious Effrontery*. The Author of theſe groſs *Falſities* was afterwards *publicly convicted* of this Piece of *mean Iniquity*.

Buckhorſe *,

Buckhorſe *, or *pious Kidgel* †, had diſdain'd
With ſuch *Untruths* their *Virtue* to have ſtain'd;
Yet thus are *K---s*, *Pr----ff-s*, *Garters* gain'd.
Nor even here did *Simulation* ‡ ſtop:
She taught you how the *baſeſt Parts* to *top*;
Inſatiate Vengeance in feign'd *Smiles* to wreathe,
Th' *Aſſaſſin*'s Poniard in the *Dark* to ſheathe,
And, whilſt you *ſtabb'd*, Compaſſion's Sighs to breathe.
Home § o'er your Shoulders threw his *tragic Pall*,
And train'd you in the *Douglas Tone* to bawl.

* A *conſiderable Perſonage* well known in the great *Metropolis*.

† Another *conſiderable Perſonage* as *notorious* as *Buckhorſe*---This *Reverend Spy* tampered with *Curry* (Mr. *Wilkes*'s Printer) to obtain a Copy of the *Eſſay on Woman*, and having got but *Half* of this *filthy Publication*, moſt earneſtly ſolicited *Curry* to ſteal the *Remainder*---So great an Itch had this *pious Divine* for a *fulſome Piece of Bawdry!* under the Pretence of doing a *public Service* to *Morality* and *Chriſtianity*, by proſecuting Mr. *Wilkes*, tho' *Kidgel* himſelf and his *baſe Abettors* were the *Publiſhers* and *Purloiners* of the *Copy*, *privately printed in W——'s own Houſe*, for his own Amuſement. I do not ſay that his Amuſement was either *liberal* or *commendable*, but the *Theft* and *Treachery* were *baſe*.

‡ This *mean Art*, the great Lord Bacon juſtly brands as a *Vice*, as the *left-handed Cunning of narrow Minds*, practiſed only by ſuch *political Sharpers*, as, not being ſatisfied with prudently concealing *their own Cards*, baſely look into the *Hands* of *others*.

§ The *penſioned Scotch Author* of a Tragedy called *Douglas*---a *Sine-cure* of 300l. per Annum, as *Conſervator of Scotland*, forſooth, at *Campvere*.

Fam'd for *Erections* highly prais'd at *K-w* *,
You ap'd the *Tutor* and the *Parent* too.
Preſumptuouſly uſurp'd a *Nation*'s *Care*,
And made a *T----t* of *Britannia*'s H--r.
Now She is *ruin'd*, can *Lothario* ſtart
To view the *Rope*, the *Gallows*, and the *Cart*?
You, who decreed a *Maſſacre* and *Tax*,
Shou'd bluſh to claim the Honour of an *Ax* †.
Plac'd at a *Nation's Bar*, attend your *Charge*:
What Pen can *ſlander*, or what Tongue *enlarge*?
Nor *Th--loe* ‡, nor *obſequious W--d-rb--ne*,
(Shou'd he *again* a *ſeeming Patriot* turn,

* Among *Lothario*'s other *Erections* there is a *Pagoda*, or Chineſe Temple, which at a Diſtance appears Membro virili Tentigine elevato non diſſimile.

† The *honorary* Stroke of the *Ax* is a mere Matter of *royal Favour*. *Convicted Ariſtocracy* muſt otherwiſe *hang*, according to the ſtrict Laws of the Land, like *plebeian Villainy*.

‡ This zealous *miniſterial Swiſs* has juſtly acquired the immortalizing Name of "*Shot and Rot*"—from thoſe *humane* Expreſſions which he uſed in the H. of C--m--s, in reſpect to the *Murders* in St. *George's Fields*—"Let them be *ſhot*, and *rot*," ſaid he.

Shou'd

Shou'd he *relapſe*, impell'd by Shame or Senſe,
Of *ſhort-liv'd Virtue* but to make *Pretence*,)
Not even *he*, not all a *M---f---d*'s Pow'rs,
Can ſave you from *Imp--ch---t*'s threat'ning Show'rs:
For who can waſh an Æthiopian *white*,
Or out of *Darkneſs* ſtrike celeſtial *Light?*
Stand forth in thoſe *infernal* Robes array'd,
Which *Furies* wove in *Phlegethon*'s * black Shade;
In Robes incarnadin'd *with Blood* appear,
And claim an *Audience* of the r—l Ear;
On ſuppliant Knee intreat *K--gs* to diſplay]
That *Mercy*, which from *Thrones* you drove away;
Intreat *G*—— to *diſſolve*, *cut off*, *diſplace*;
And bribe *Mauduit* to write your *piteous Caſe*,

* A River of *Hell*, whoſe Waters are always *boiling hot*, and therefore the trueſt Emblems of mean, *tyrannical Malice* and *Revenge*, blown up into a moſt *deſtructive Flame* by *Caledonian Bellows*.

There

There muſt he ſtate (or give your *P--rs* the *Lie)*
Facts for which *Minions* ſhou'd prepare to *die.*
Who has *controll'd*, *proſcrib'd*, and *tyranniz'd?*
In *Nero*'s *Pandæmonium* * who *advis'd?*
Who ſet *America* from Empire *free?*
M---f---d (I fear) will prove it was not *he.*
He's but your *Shadow*, acts beneath your Brow;
He'll *charge* you ſhortly, tho' he *courts* you now:
His *jeſuitic* Soul, in *coward Dread*,
To ſave *his own* will *ſell* his *Patron*'s Head:
Like *Wolſey*'s Slave †, your *Ruin* he'll complete,
And *ſacrifice* you, whilſt he licks your Feet;
Divulge *all Secrets* when *Imp--ch---ts* ſhock,
And bring *your precious Perſon* to the *Block.*
Not for ſlight Miſdemeanors, but *high Crimes*,
You'll fall the Terror of *deſpotic Times*;

* *Milton*'s Term for his *Cabinet Council of Devils* in *Paradiſe Loſt.*

† *That wicked Miniſter* was betrayed by one of his *confidential Slaves*, or *Agents.*

Without

Without one Sigh, without one gen'rous Tear,
Unſung by *buſkin'd Douglas* * at *Campvere*.
Have you not baſely ſtain'd a r— *Bed?*
Have you not, more than once, in Terror *fled?*
In Terror, which your *Conſcience* made you feel,
A T---t-r to the K--- and *Public-Weal?*
When conquer'd *France*'s Treaſury was drain'd,
When *Spain*'s weak Sword our vig'rous *Fleets* diſdain'd;
For Want of Talents to conduct a *War*,
Who then the Thought of *Carnage* did abhor?
Who, ſpurr'd on *ſince* by *Pride*, by *Party-Rage*,
And Thirſt of *Gain*, urg'd *Britons* to engage
With *Britons?* Who inflam'd a T----t's Will,
Without Reluctance, to *proſcribe* and *kill?*

* *The Home*, as all the *Sawneys* affect to call him, ſince his having written the Tragedy of *Douglas*; ſo much *ſuperior* (as *they* fancy) to the *beſt* of *poor Walley Shakeſpeare's*.
" Cedite, *Romani* Scriptores; cedite, *Graii*."
See Note §, p. 9.

Thus cou'd a *Briton-born* true *Britons* win?
For this was *Nero* pædagogu'd by *Qu-n?*
For this did *frothy Declamation* try
On either *Houſe* to palm a fulſome ***? I
Did you for this, my *Thane*, ten Months *preſide?*
Do you for this, *by Proxy* *, Councils *guide?*
Still (only fit to ſtir a *ſocial Fire)*
With *magiſterial* Hand conduct the *Wire?*
A *Wire* by which *your Puppet's danc'd*, or *led*,
A *Wire* too deeply fix'd in *Priam*'s Head?
Do you ſtill ſtuff out *N--th* for *public Show* †,
Hir'd to obey your ſov'reign *Aye* and *No?*
Behind *N--th's Screen* why ſhou'd a *St-art* hide?
Why not, like *Villiers* ‡, grace his *Maſter*'s Side?

* *Timorouſly abſconding*, yet ſtill *influencing* by *Agents* and *Underſtrappers*, his *confidential Proxies* and *Confederates*; and not unfrequently even by *his own Preſence* at the *very witching Time of Night*.

† As the *oſtenſible Prime M——r*.

‡ K. *James* the Firſt's *favourite Prime Miniſter*, and *Play-Fellow*.

When

When ever-honour'd *Chatham* held the *Seals*,
No *Prize-Fighters* ſecur'd his *Chariot Wheels* *.
Yet *B*---, *thus guarded*, curs'd the *public Voice*,
That told him *Chatham* was the *Nation's Choice* †.
In *Chatham Britons* plac'd their *Truſt*, their *Cauſe*,
And chill'd *Lothario* with his juſt *Applauſe* ‡.
Was *Chatham* wiſe?——No—touch'd by ſome *Diſeaſe*,
Some *Madneſs*, he wav'd all *official Fees*.
B---'s prudent *Laird* for *Precedent* contends,
Finding that *Pow'r* and *Wealth* are *Boſom-Friends*.
Pow'r ſooth'd his *Pride*, and *Gold* ſo ſweetly ſpoke,
'Twere Pity their cloſe Union ſhou'd be broke.

* When his M——y and the Royal Family were entertained by the City of London.

† Even after Lord *Chatham*, thro' the *pitiful Contrivance* of *B*---, had been prevailed upon by the artful *Tears* of his **** to receive a *Penſion*.—This was the *Trap* to render him (if poſſible) *unpopular*; but it *failed*.

‡ Upon the *Court*'s going to and returning from the *City-Feaſt*; when the *whole Attention of the People* was directed *ſingly* to *the great Lord Chatham*; and the *firſt Favourite*'s Carriage was demoliſhed, his *hired Guards* defeated, and himſelf narrowly eſcaped being knocked on the Head by a *Club*, which *unfortunately miſſed* him.

Firſt

Firſt let the *Laws* by *Traitors* be revolv'd,
Let *Revolution-Ties* be firſt *diſſolv'd*;
Let weak *Eliza*'s *cautionary Laws* *
Be burnt by modern *Jacobites*, like *Straws*;
Cut all thoſe Bonds which once ty'd down the *Pope*,
And give a *B*---'s Infatuation Scope.
Beyond th' *Atlantic* let us loſe a *Mine*,
And *here* let *Popes* eſtabliſh *Right Divine*:
Let *M---f---d* in *Ignatian Habit* † ſit,
And give his *Judgment* like a *Jeſuit*:
Let *Rome* again receive *Allegiance* due ‡,
And *B---* turn *Legate* with a *Hat* § in View.

Penſion'd

* Againſt *Papiſts*—againſt the *Pope* and *Popery*—againſt the *Eſtabliſhment* of that *falſe Religion*, and its pernicious *Seminaries*, which will, no Doubt, ſhortly flouriſh in this Kingdom, and prepare us for a *paſſive State* of *Slavery eccleſiaſtical* and *civil*.

† i. e. the Habit of *Ignatius*, the Founder of the Order of *Jeſuits*, who will ſoon *ſwarm* in *England*.

‡ As ſhe did in King *John*'s Reign, and the diſgraceful Reign of *Hen. the 3d*.

§ A *Cardinal's Hat*—*Wolſey* obtained one by the like *ſervile Means*; and had

Penſion'd himſelf, he had reduc'd the *Liſt*;
(Tow'rds *other Kn-ves* a ſtrict *Oeconomiſt*;)
But from his Mind that virtuous Scheme was chas'd,
When Patriot *B-df-rd* Patriot *B*—— *diſplac'd*.
Then, *Stateſman-like*, ere he in Wrath *reſign'd*,
His laſt *beſt* Thoughts were to *his Friends* confin'd.
The *Nation's Purſe* was ableſt to *provide*
For *all his Houſe*, and that he open'd wide.
In *ſuch a Caſe* 'gainſt *Scripture* to rebel,
Became no Mortal but an *Infidel:*
Thus *Paul* *, like *Plato*, ſometimes *reaſons well.*
In Honour no *Dependent* cou'd be *miſt:*
Thus *Conſcience* bid *B*—— load the *Penſion-Liſt.*

had even ſhaped his ambitious Courſe for the *Popedom*, as our *Lothario* did for the *Reins* of *abſolute Dominion*. *Wolſey* miſcarried; but *Lothario*, for *ten Months*, gained his End, and ſtill reigns *under the Roſe*.

* "He who does not *provide* for thoſe *of his own Houſe*," (ſays St. *Paul*,) is worſe than an *Infidel*.

Stuarts and *Fraſers*, *Campbells*, *Courtnays*, *Mures*,
Homes, *Warchoupes*, *Reuvens*, one *apt Text* * ſecures;
The *Loan* †, beſides, its copious Showers pours.
By *Fav'rites*, thus *diſplac'd*, are Kingdoms drain'd,
Diſplac'd in *Jeſt*; but, in ſad Truth, *retain'd*;
Like the *old Serpent* ever whiſp'ring nigh,
Planning freſh *Ills*, or forging ſome new *Lie*.
Yet, juſtified by *Truth*, when *Libels* gnaw
The Vitals of this *Fiend*, he flies to *Law*;
His own baſe Arts ‡ in *others* diſapproves,
And *foild*, in Rage, *K--g*, *Lords*, and *Commons*, moves;
In frantic Fits breaks *legal Fences* down,
Claims Aid from ev'ry *Dæmon* of the *Crown*,

* *The Text* juſt cited from St. *Paul*'s Epiſtles.

† The *Loan* called the *Favourite*'s Loan—in the Conduct of this *miniſterial Job* upwards of 350,000l. were diſſipated among *B*---'s *Dependents* and *Confederates*.

‡ The Arts of *libelling* the moſt *patriotic* Characters in the Kingdom—never ſo much encouraged as under the *avowed Reign* of *B*——.

T'*expel*,

T' *expel*, *ſtab*, *outlaw*, *plunder*, *ſeize*, *confine*,
On *gen'ral Warrants*, back'd by *Right Divine* *.
Thus *Tricks* were try'd, thus *Plots* and *Snares* were fram'd,
Till *York* reſign'd †, and *N-rt-n* was *aſham'd* ‡.
Wilkes, in *Revenge*, was barely left *alive*,
For printing *whiggiſh Churchill's* FORTY-FIVE.
M-rtin to do *the Deed* was *well-inſpir'd*,
And ev'n on *Sundays* at his *Target* fir'd §.
Practice gave *Courage*, *Brib'ry* gave him *Vigour*;
Ten Weeks, at leaſt, he exercis'd the *Trigger* ‖.
Forbes **, hir'd in *France*, to do *B*---'s Will cou'd lurk;
To *Dun* †† a *Knife* was cheaper than a *Dirk* ‡‡;

* As in *Wilkes*'s Caſe.
† His Poſt of At-----y-Gen---l.
‡ So much ſo, that with a *generous Indignation*, he *ſpurned* at certain evidential Papers *baſely ſtolen from Mr. Wilkes* by *Warrant*.
§ An actual *Truth*.
‖ An Aſſertion ſtrictly *true*.
** An *hireling Scotch* Officer, a *Rebel* in the Year 1745, for whom *Lothario* procured a *Command* in *Portugal*.
†† A *Scotch Aſſaſſin*, who intended to ſtab Mr. *Wilkes* with a *Penknife*.
‡‡ A *Scotch Dagger*.

And

And *T-l--t*, to obtain the *like Renown*,
At *Bagſhot*, *trembling*, threw *his Gauntlet* down *.
What *Bully*, *Rebel*, *Madman*, cou'd reſiſt
A *Hint* from *B---* who rul'd the *C-vil Liſt* ?
But ſoft—all *Satire's Treaſon* in *B---*'s Sight—
A *Libeller* himſelf can *Libels* fright † ?
Now *Churchill*'s Spirit in the Grave is *laid*,
Of more *North Britons* ‡ is *B---* ſtill afraid ?
Will *Sparta's Sophoclean Bard* § decline
In *St-art*'s Cauſe to hazard one dull Line ?
Can *Scotland's Conſervator* ‖ yearly take
His *Sop*, yet no Returns in *Paper* make ?

* See Mr. *Wilkes*'s *Letters*, where this *Interview* is painted in *Colours* that would do Honour to the playful Pencil of a *Hogarth*, or a *Churchill*—*Polonius* in *thoſe Letters* appears like a *Capital Calf* indeed, as *Hamlet* ſays.

† N. B. The *Favourite* and his *Faction* firſt began the Spirit of *Libelling*.

‡ Theſe *ſpirited Papers* drove the *worſt M——r* England ever ſaw from the *Helm*.

§ The Author of *Agis King of Sparta*, the *dulleſt* of all *dull Caledonian Tragedies*, highly applauded and *rewarded* by *Lothario*.

‖ The immortal *Caledonian Home*; whoſe *renowned Douglas* has carried away the *Prize* even from the *Grecian Muſe*.—Alas! poor *Walley Shakeſpeare!*—Where is *Walley* now, as the *Sawneys* ſay ?

Do

Do all *B*——'s *Squadrons* from his *Standard* ſhrink,
And in a *Pannic* drop their *Pen* and *Ink?*
But (worſt of all!) has this *contagious Fit*
Seiz'd on *Shebbeare*, *Sam. Johnſon*, and *Mauduit?*
Can theſe Revilers of *Pitt's German War*
Beneath *B*——'s *motto'd Banner* † fear a *Scar?*
Can *Iſrael*, who tore off the prim, ſtarch'd *Band* ‡,
Amidſt *B*——'s Troops refuſe to make a *Stand?*
Enliſted by the *Touch* of *Him* he ſerves,
Has the *Bribe's Venom* palſy'd all his Nerves?
Or, having quite accompliſh'd his Deſire,
And, from *Meſs-John* § aſcending to the *Squire* ‖,

* Lothario's *Iſrael Mauduit* wrote the *Conſiderations on the German War*, merely to *depreciate* Lord *Chatham*'s Conduct and Abilities as a *Politician*.

† *Nemo me impune laceſſit*, ſays the *Scotch Thiſtle*.

‡ *Iſrael Mauduit* was originally a *Scotch Diſſenting Preacher*.

§ The *Caledonian Nick-Name* for *Diſſenting Preachers*.

‖ *Iſrael* threw off the *primitive Cloak* and *Band* upon being *metamorphoſed* into a *Squire* by his *Patron Lothario*.

Fluſh'd with fat *Sine-Cures*, like *tragic Home*,
Has he left *B---* for *better Pay* to roam?
Politically ſhrewd, forſook his *Poſt*;
Like a *true Scot*, of *Baſeneſs* made the moſt?
With *patriotic Ardor* watch'd that Scale
Which, *ſinking*, ſhow'd where *Int'reſt* muſt prevail?
Or does the Vein of Gold in *N--th*'s rich Mine,
Decreaſing, check this venal *Scribe's* Deſign?
If ſo, let *N--th* his Country's Vitals bore *,
Rather than *B---* ſhou'd want ſuch *needful Ore*;
Such ſplendid Droſs; for which *hir'd Scribblers* ſwarm;
For which *ſome Tools officially inform* †;
Pernicious Traſh! that charms a *Senate*'s Eye,
'Till they ſell *Freedom* to ſuch K---s as *buy*.

* A *technical Term* in *Mining*—*Miners* try to find new Veins of *Ore* by *boring*.

† Mr. *Horne* can inform the Reader to what Quarter the Author's *Needle* points in this Line. Methinks, I hear him crying out, in a reviving Agony of *patriotic Pain*—" Deſine, deſine—Rem *Acu* tetigiſti, Domine!"

What

What Wonder?——like a *Wolſey B---* appears,
The *reigning Tyrant* of near *ſixteen Years.*
Ominous Period!——then ev'n *Wolſey* fell,
And of *Ambition* took a long *Farewel.*
Preſaging *Britain* views this *deſtin'd Space*
With Joy, ordain'd to check th' impetuous Race
Of *B---*; who, ſtarting with gigantic Strength,
Has run, like *Wolſey*, a *deſtructive Length.*
His K---'s a *Shadow*, and himſelf a *God*—
To *Rimmon*'s Temple how the Path is trod!
Thither wild *Youth* and tott'ring *Age* reſort,
B---'s Idol in his *Proxy-K---* to court.
Thro' bold *Corruption*'s crowded Gates they preſs,
To crouch, fawn, flatter, counſel, and *addreſs.*
P--r elbows *P--r*, inflam'd with *loyal Rage*;
Like hireling Actors, *Commoners* engage

For annual Stipends, as *N--th* caſts their *Parts*,
Tamely to fill 'em, tho' their Country ſmarts;
And for a *Living* proſtitute their *Hearts*.
Theſe *Rival-Patriots*, like the *Gangs* of *W-ſt* *,
Strive which ſhall pick the *Nation's Pocket* beſt;
Like *V--l--ns of an Alley*, baſely lurk,
And call *foul Murder* meritorious Work.
In ſuch *chaſte* Times, *Luc* † (tho' a *Frenchman*) thrives
By heading Bands of *Indian Scalping-Knives*.
Such Arms quell *Freedom* quicker than *Scotch Dirks*,
Tho' plac'd with *Duns*, *M'Donalds*, or *M'Quirks* ‡.

* A celebrated Lady well known at *Sir John Fielding*'s. It is ſaid, that ſhe allowed the notorious Mr. *Barrington* no leſs than 10 Guineas a Week (almoſt a modern *miniſterial Douceur*) for *picking Pockets*—not the Pocket of the *Nation* indeed, and therefore *her Criminality* is far inferior to that of a *grand national Corruptor*.

† This *French Alien-Hireling*'s Informations, moſt *villainouſly falſe*, were *baſely* liſtened to againſt *Gen. B--g-yne* by a certain *notorious C-w-rd* in *Office*, who, to ſave *himſelf*, has apparently aimed at making a *Sacrifice* of the *gallant General*.

‡ *Reſpectable Names* among the *miniſterial Faction—all penſioned!*—The Hiſtory of theſe *loyal Aſſaſſins* is well known—they remain ſtill *unhanged*.

Who

Who firſt ſhall *ſtab* occaſions no Diſpute;
He gains moſt Praiſe who needs no *Hint* from *B---* :
He proves the *Fav'rite* of the *Tory-Tribe*,
Who works by *Inſtinct* when he ſcents a *Bribe*;
Like *Doeg* *, takes the *Wages of his Sin*;
Drives the *Steel* Home, yet feels no Check *within*;
With equal Eaſe the *Purſe* and *Dagger* weilds;
Smiles at the *Carnage* in St. *George's Fields* †;
Purſues *Revenge* with Cheek that never lanks;
And fattens on *Douceurs*, and *r——l Thanks*.

Thus *thank'd*, at *L–x--gton* the Sword's fell Sweep
Divided *Rebel-Infants* in their *Sleep*.
Magnanimous Atchievement! *glorious* Deed!
When *Innocents* on *Nero*'s Altars bleed ‡.

* Vide 1. Sam. c xxii. v. 18.

† What? Is not the Story of St. *George's Fields* forgotten yet?—*Nae* verily---*my Sawneys*.

——" Manet, *æternumq; manebit*."

‡ That ſtaunch *miniſterial*, *double-penſioned Advocate* for *Tyranny*, Dr. *Sam. Johnſon*,

Heſperia's Guardian once *Alcides* ſlew,
To gain the *Fruit* ſo tempting to his View.
Thus *Britiſh Stateſmen* graſp'd th' *ideal Prize*
In *golden Dreams*, till *Suff'rings* made 'em *wiſe*.
Like *fooliſh Phrygians*, they've foreſtall'd their *Fate*,
And feel th' Effect of *B---*'s *deep Plan* too late *.
Reaſon's juſt Claims by *Deſpots* have been croſt;
B--g-yne's defeated, and an Empire's *loſt*.
Was *he* ordain'd to offer *Mars* a *Fleece*,
In one Hand *War*, in t'other Hand a *Peace*?
Alas! th' *Atlantic Ram* † with *potent Horn*
Repels our *Threats*, and treats our *Pray'rs* ‡ with Scorn;
Reſolv'd,

Johnſon, *ſneers* at thoſe who lament the Caſe of *Innocence* involved with *Guilt* ---See *Taxation no Tyranny*.---Lifted up *now* above the Fear of *Poverty*, he laughs at the Diſtreſs of *Millions*. Thus *Scribblers*, who have fortunately eſcaped from the *Penury* of a *Garret*, can *feaſt* upon the *pleaſing Idea* of an *Engliſh Maſſacre*.

* "Serò ſapiunt *Phryges*."

† Alluding to the fabulous Story of *Phryxus* and *Helle*.---See Ovid. Metam.---Virgil---Abbè Bannier's Mythology, and the Mythological Dictionaries.

‡ After ſo vile a Scheme of *blundering*, *miſinformed*, *miniſterial Policy*, has been

Reſolv'd, in Spite of each *humane* Attack,
Bravely to keep his *Fleece* upon his Back.
Tho' *unſucceſsful*, yet *B--g-yne* will find
True *Valour* honour'd in the *public Mind*;
That *factious* Strokes at *Virtue* are but vain
Attempts; beneath all Mortals, but *G--m--ne*.
B--g-yne's a *Tr--t-r*, if *G--m--ne* is *free* *——
A *C-w--d*'s Orders aid this *Hero*'s Plea.
B--g-yne conceiv'd, *obey'd*, *preſs'd on*, and *fail'd*;
G--m--ne was *deaf* †, whilſt *rallying France prevail'd*.
That fought in *Trammels*——*This* had *Life* in View——
B--g-yne was *conquer'd*; but he never *flew*.

No

been tried and *failed*, ſhould not a certain *Commiſſion* (a moſt *humiliating* and *diſgraceful After-Game*) wear this Motto on its *Banner*?

"*Oremus* Pacem, et Dextras tendamus *inermes*."

Eſpecially after Mr. *Fitzpatrick*'s Account, on June 2, in the H. of C——, of its *contemptuous Reception*.

* The *gallant General*'s own Sentiment in the H. of C——, on the 26th of May laſt.—"He ſaid, *he* was *deeply guilty*, if Ld. *G*—— was *free*."—— This Aſſertion (true as it is) has been *ſuppreſſed* in the late Publication of *the Subſtance of General Burgoyne's Speech*.

† Tho' deaf to *Orders*, he was not deaf to *Lothario's Invitation* to C---r, even whilſt the late *valiant* K. (who abhorred *C-w--ds*) lay *dead*. He appear-

ed

No *quiv'ring Lip* of *his* proclaim'd pale *Fear*;
To *him* his *Honour* and his *Country*'s dear.
An Hero's *Life* is *Glory*'s current Price——
What *Hero* ever aſk'd for Orders *thrice* * ?
Luc's hireling Tongue alone *B--g-yne* wou'd *tax* †;
But *M-nd-n's Hero* muſt diſgrace *an Ax*.
Can ſuch a *Wretch* ‡ by *Rank* ennobled be?
Hawley § wou'd *hang* him on the higheſt Tree.
Yet *his* ſtern Voice beyond th' *Atlantic*'s heard;
His, whom a *modeſt Sentence* ſcarcely *clear'd*.

ed there *once* only, but never dared to ſhow his *pale Face* there again during Mr. *Pitt*'s Adminiſtration.---Mr. *Pitt* ſcourged him as ſeverely as Mr. *Temple Luttrell*.

* Our *American God of War* demanded a Repetition of *moſt plain* Orders four or five times over, and *would not* underſtand them *at laſt*.

† This *ſaucy Frenchman* had the *Effrontery* to report that Gen. *B*—— was as *heavy* and *lumpiſh* as a *German*. --A well-known *Falſhood*, which no *Engliſh Miniſter*, but *one*, would have heard without a *Check*.---But in the ſame *pitiful*, *inſidious* Quarter, *falſe Informations* againſt this *gallant Gen---l* have been greedily received even from a *Domeſtic* whom the *Gen---l* had *kicked* out of his Service.

‡ *That execrable Wretch*, who made uſe of the Words "*Wretched Character*" on the 26th of May laſt in the H. of C——. Alas! *Clodius* accuſat.

§ The late *Gen. Hawley* was ſo fond of *hanging* every Man he could, that the late Duke of Cumberland (who was *really a true-born Briton*) uſed to ſay, "Damn that *Hawley!* if he had Nobody to *hang*, he would hang *himſelf*."

Is

Is this the *Mars* who thirſts for *Britiſh Blood?*——
Who long'd to ride in *Saratoga*'s Flood?——
And, tho' he *trembles* to engage with *Men*,
Can ruin *Nations* with a *bluſt'ring Pen?*
Vile *Executioner* of *B*—'s vile Plan
That *meaneſt Tyrant* of an *Highland Clan*;
Who never trod the *World*'s inſtructive Stage,
But, like a *Monk*, explor'd the *coſtive Page*.
Immur'd, and bury'd long from public Sight,
At length he brought his *Theories* to Light;
Hypotheſis for *Demonſtration* paſs'd,
And with a *Bacon* at lewd *K-w* he claſs'd.
What *Suarez*, *Machiavel*, and *Filmer* taught,
Engroſs'd his ſtudious Days, his nightly Thought;
With indigeſted Matter clogg'd his Brain,
And made him, as *his boaſted Kinſman* *, vain,

* K. *Jammy* the Iſt—our *Lothario* is the true *Bleed* of the *Jammys*.

Pedantic, cruel, void of Taſte and Senſe;

Sparing of *juſt*, profuſe in *falſe* Expence*;

Amidſt *Divines*, the *Patriarch*——in the *State*,

The *Oracle* of all-deciſive *Fate*:

His *Head*, the Spring of Counſels *wiſe* and *juſt*;

His *Heart*, the Sink of *Treachery* and *Luſt* †.

* K. *Jammy* the Firſt had ordered 10,000l. to be given to his *Minion Carr*, whom he had in a *Love-Fit* created D. of Somerſet.—The Lord-Treaſurer very ſenſibly ordered the Sum to be ſpread on ſeveral Tables in a Room which the King was to paſs through, and *all in Silver*---"*Haud* ye! *haud* ye!" (ſays *Jammy*;) "this is a *muckle* Deal of *Siller*---too much for a *Subject*---let *Carr* have *one third* of it."

† K. *Jammy* the *Firſt*'s was certainly ſo---He ſaid that one of his beſt *Friends*, the Duke of *Beaufort*, at the very Inſtant he was *feaſting* him, *would make* "*a braw fat Traitor*."---That he was a *luſtful Brute* and a *S-d-mite*, *ſee the manuſcript Letters* between *himſelf* and *Villiers* Duke of Buckingham, his *Minion* and *C-t-mite*, in the *Britiſh Muſeum--under their own Hands---beaſtly* beyond *Conception---Sodom* and *Gomorrah* could not boaſt ſo *brutal* a Record. ---*Villiers*, in one of theſe Letters, reminds his Play-Fellow, K. *Jammy*, of a moſt *critical Period*, "when the *Bolſter was loſt* between *the Maſter* and *his Dog*."---*Villiers* ſubſcribes himſelf his *Majeſty*'s faithful *Dog Stenny*.---I wiſh thoſe *Annaliſts of Literature*, that *Society of Gentlemen*, commonly known by the *leſs elegant* Title of *Critical Reviewers*, would publiſh an authentic and impartial *Copy* of theſe *beaſtly Letters* between K. *Jammy* and his *Dog Stenny*, for the Honour of that *royal* and *moſt ſacred* Character which every *Scotch* Annaliſt and Hiſtorian thinks himſelf bound to vindicate and extol. An *imperfect* Copy of theſe Letters was publiſhed about 12 Years ago, but quickly bought up by Order of K. *Jammy's Kinſman* the *Laird* of *B*---, as reported.

Thus

Thus *St-art* graces his *Auncestrel Line*;
A *Fool* by *Birth*, a *Kn-ve* by *Right-Divine*.
Thus finish'd for the *Cabinet*, this *Laird*
Of *Britain* his own Consequence declar'd;
Preferr'd *himself* to rule no *little State*,
Made by *one Woman's Lust* supremely great;
Proud as a new-fledg'd *Eagle*, stretch'd his Wing,
And under it receiv'd a *passive* ****;
Taught him that *royal Birds* shou'd spurn at *Forms*,
And look on *Subjects* as *Pride* looks on *Worms*.
Why shou'd *Jove*'s fav'rite Bird his *Thunder* bear,
But as *Vicegerent-Tyrant* of the Air?
With *Drops* of Blood he scorns to stain his Bill;
Floods only give his *royal Thirst* its *Fill*.
Before his awful Eye *whole Flights* must fall,
Nor *struggle* whilst *their King* ingulphs 'em *all*.

Thus

Thus half the *Species* is *one Deſpot's* Food,
Whoſe happieſt Meals are crown'd with Tides of *Blood*.
Thus *common* Birds their *clement Sov'reign* know,
And *Loyalty* by *tame Submiſſion* ſhow.
With *bold Conditions* none muſt dare reply,
Bound *by their Natures* to fall down and *die*.
Thus, by *Analogy*, is clearly ſeen
What *St-art's* ſcientific *Leſſons* mean.
No Pupil *he* of *Locke*'s miſtaken Plan,
Who bids a K--- " remember he's a *Man*."
All K---s partake of a *celeſtial State*,
And, tho' *elective*, are *divinely* great *.
The People's Voice, that lifts 'em to the Throne,
Changes their *Nature* like the Chymic Stone †.

* Theſe were the wiſe notions of that " *auldeſt* and *wiſeſt* of Kings" (as he ſaid of *himſelf*), K. *Jammy* the *Firſt*.—If they have ever been infuſed ſince K. *Jammy*'s Time, the *Wretch* who infuſed them was a *Traitor*.

† That turns *Droſs* into *Gold*—called the *Philoſopher's Stone* by Alchymiſts.

Inaugu-

Inauguration is a magic Spell,
Which makes an *Angel* of an Imp of H---.
Subjects are *Duſt*——tho' *K---s* at firſt were *ſuch*,
They turn to *Gods* by one *anointing Touch*.
Adam's groſs Earth ſuch *Royalty* wou'd ſoil;
Tyrants are *Deities* when ſmear'd with *Oil*.
Thus *Filmer* preaches—thus, in wiſer Times,
Knaves ſuckled *Fools* to varniſh over Crimes;
Impos'd on *weakly Princes* for baſe Ends,
Then call'd themſelves a Monarch's "*only Friends* *."
By *Flatt'ry* thus *Ambition's* Ladder's rais'd,
Subjects are *maſſacred*, and *T----ts* prais'd.
Thus *crafty Stateſmen* compaſs all their Views,
And leave their K--- in *Treaſon's* fatal Nooſe.

* Upon the political Propriety of this *new* and *ſenſeleſs Appellation* ſee *Junius's Letters*.

Charles * periſh'd thus in *Caledonian Snares*,
Whilſt for his *Life* they put up daily Pray'rs †.
For *Charles*'s Safety *Scots* cou'd *pray* and *weep*,
Yet *ſell* him to be ſlaughter'd like a Sheep.
Be this a Warning to *ſucceeding Kings!*
Too oft in Flow'rets hid the *Serpent* ſtings.
Deluded Monarchs ſeldom feel the Smart
Of *Friendſhip*, 'till it ſtrikes 'em to the Heart.
Thus *Friendſhip* in the Foreſt *Rufus* ſlew;
The Monarch fell, the *friendly Traitor* flew ‡.
What then?——Muſt ev'ry Sov'reign *friendleſs* live,
Nor taſte thoſe Joys which ſocial Life can give?

* *Charles* the Firſt, *ſold* by the *Scotch*, a great Pennyworth.

† A well-authenticated *Fact*, and recorded by every *impartial* Hiſtorian —I do not mean *Scotch* Hiſtorians.

‡ *Rufus*'s Death from the Arrow of Sir *Walter Tyrrell*, who was hunting with him, has generally been repreſented as merely *accidental*; but it does not ſeem ſo—*Tyrrell* was a *Norman*—*Normandy* had been ſold to *Rufus* by his Brother *Robert*, who had an implacable Hatred to *Rufus*—*Tyrrell* was a *Tool* of *Robert* his *former Sovereign*—With *him*, it was ſtill *Duke Robert*.---Thus with the *modern Loyaliſts* of *Sc-tl-nd* and *M-nch-ſter* (tho' they *raiſe Troops*) it is ſtill *King Charles*, or *Prince Charles*.

No——

No——If true Friendſhip is *Benevolence*,
Kings may enjoy it in its nobleſt Senſe;
Firſt in their *Subjects*, then in *all Mankind*;
Not *meanly* to *one Sycophant* confin'd,
One fawning Minion, whoſe falſe *Aye* and *No*
In Concert with his Maſter's *Wiſhes* go;
Perhaps, much oft'ner, with his *Vices* chime,
And, when *he wills it*, aid the *deepeſt Crime*.
True Wiſdom blaſts a *Fav'rite's* private Ends;
Sound Policy proclaims *all* Subjects *Friends*.
Such *godlike Friendſhip* Princes well may own?
Such Friendſhip is a Bulwark to the *Throne*.
Each Year *Eliza* felt its Strength increaſe;
It ſpread her Glory, and it crown'd her Peace.
In Arms it led her to chaſtiſe proud *Spain* *,
Whom *ſelfiſh B*— once ſooth'd to *Peace* in vain.

* At the Time of the *Invaſion* threatened by the *Spaniſh Armada*.

Her

Her *driv'ling Monarch* * then aſſum'd the Part
Of *Heroiſm*, foreign to his Heart.
Too well he knew in his *Bravado-Fit*,
Our Councils then were guided by no *Pitt:*
He knew a *St-art*, in a *pious Reign*,
With none but *Subjects'* *Blood* the Sword wou'd ſtain:
He knew *Negociation* wou'd prolong
The wiſh'd-for Time till *Spain* once more was *ſtrong*;
Till all her rich *Galleons* were ſafe in Port,
And then his former *Fear* became his *Sport:*
Negotiating B— was made the Scoff
Of *Spain*; and *Briſtol* †, like a Fool, ſneak'd off.

* That *Monarch* may well be called a *Driveler* who anſwers to the Deſcription given of him by Mr. *Clarke* in his Letters from *Spain*. Inſtead of a *King*, you behold a *Baby*, a mere *Ideot*, a *mimic Figure of Royalty*, who comes forth hung round with *Watches*---His Mornings are ſpent in *winding theſe Baubles up*.--Whether the *Annaliſts of our Days* will be able to produce *his Fellow*, is not a Queſtion for a poetical Scribbler to determine---but ſee *an Ode* lately publiſhed by Mr. *Bew*, called *The Watch*.

† The then *Engliſh* Ambaſſador in *Spain*.

Parting,

Parting, he heard *Britannia*'s Sons defam'd *;
Arriv'd, a War by *C-w--d-ce* proclaim'd.
For *England*'s Honour full three Months too late
The *Heralds* pranc'd before St. *James*'s Gate.
From its lov'd Sheath had *B—*'s Sword dar'd to peep,
His Mother, ſurely, muſt have ſtol'n a *Leap* †.
But, *cleaving to its Scabbard*, its *mild Laird*
A *true-born St-art* clearly it declar'd ‡.
O! had it ſtill within thoſe Limits ſlept!
Britain had then her *Fame* and *Empire* kept;
Still call'd the braveſt of her Sons *her own*,
And *Treaties* with *wrong'd Subjects* ne'er been known:

* So (if I remember right) ſays Mr. *Clarke*, Lord *Briſtol*'s Secretary, in his *Letters from Spain*.

† That *execrable Stuart* K. *James* the Firſt endured all Indignities from *foreign Powers*; nor did he dare to defend the *Palatinate* for his Son-in-Law.--He was *bullied* and *deſpiſed* by every Court in Europe.
"*Nunc* redit et *Virtus*, redeunt *Saturnia Regna*."

‡ K. *Jammy* the Firſt was ſo much frightened at the Sight even of *his own Sword*, tho' drawn by himſelf, that he always turned his Head the other way; and, when he knighted *Sir Kenelm Digby*, had like to have put one of *his Knight*'s Eyes out by this *royal Pannie*.

Then *England* had not mourn'd the *Loſs* ſhe feels,
Or *Carliſle* ſham'd *Commiſſions** by *red Heels*.
Now *Chatham*'s Sun is ſet, whoſe glorious Ray
Once promis'd to prolong *Britannia*'s Day,
B— may return to *reign*, unaw'd by *Pitt*,
To dry-nurſe *G*----, and patronize *Mauduit*;
Give Hints to *Johnſon*, Spirits to *Shebbeare*,
And once again *our ſhatter'd Veſſel* ſteer.
Trembling *Britannia* need not fear a *Wreck*,
Whilſt ſuch a *Palinurus* keeps the Deck.
The *penſion'd Crew N--th's golden* Whiſtle guides,
And *S---w-ch* o'er unruffled † Waves preſides.

* How this *Commiſſion* has been received both by the *Royal Army* and the *Americans*, Mr. *Fitzpatrick* declared in the H. of C-mm-ns, June the 2d.--- "Their *united Reſentment*, *Contempt*, and *Execrations*, of the *miniſterial Men and Meaſures*, and of the *conciliatory Terms*, (he ſaid,) were beyond the Power of Language to expreſs."

† At *Portſmouth* this *Britiſh Neptune* is for ever treating his *Jupiter* with *marine Puppet-Shows---within Shore*.

Bloated

Bloated with Eaſe, his *pig-tail'd Tritons* ſwell,
And *Bully D--b--h* blows his *penſion'd Shell* *.
Equally *ſafe* by Land——dares *France* invade,
Where *Mars* and *Pallas* yield united Aid?
She teaches *Pinchy* royal Tents to vamp,
And *he* gives *G*----- the *Cue* in *Coxheath-Camp* †.
See threat'ning *France* with Fears convulſive ſhook!
See *Spain* ſubdu'd by *B--ſw--k's martial Look* ‡!
Whilſt, *trebled* by the Ships of *France* and *Spain*,
Mock-Fights at *Portſmouth Britiſh* Fleets ſuſtain;
Keppel, who ſcorns ſuch *Mummeries* as theſe,
Has left to *France* the Empire of the Seas §.

* The *noiſieſt*, *emptieſt*, and *moſt bluſtering* of all *penſioned Ariſtocratics*—*Vox*---et prætereà *nihil*---a *Bull of Baſan!*---never heard without *Diſguſt*, or employed without *Contempt*.

† To treat the *Militia* like *Dogs* by his Underſtrappers.

‡ Lord *N--th* may probably find that *France* and *Spain* may be "*looked into Submiſſion*," tho' *America* was *not*.

§ This brave Admiral has been obliged to return into Harbour, being *too weak* to look the *French Fleet* in the Face.

Say

Say, *S--dw-ch* *, can he dare with *France* to ſpeak,
Sent out, thro' *Ignorance*, for *France* too weak?
If thro' *Deſign*, your Lordſhip had done right
To fit our Squadrons *ſeriouſly* for Fight.
Wiſdom her Treaſures, for no *childiſh* End,
On *vain Parade*, but on *our Foes*, wou'd ſpend.
Heav'n reſt that P---ce whom *Raree-Shows* can pleaſe!
James † was a *Scot*; and *G*----- has *one* Diſeaſe,
That of admiring *Pageantry* and *Shew*,
A mimic *Water-Fight*, or ſpruce *Review*.

Hiſtorians ſay, *K---s* once, like *Patriots* fir'd,
Warriors inſtead of *Sycophants* admir'd;
That Times may come when ſuch *Court-Flies* ſhall ply,
Like *Proſtitutes*, each pregnant with ſome *Lie*,

* A certain *official* L—d vaunted lately in a *great Aſſembly*, that the *Britiſh* Fleet was *then* able to face the united Force of *Europe*; yet we are no longer *Maſters* even in the *Britiſh Channel*—O! Shame!

† *Jammy* the Firſt.

Some

Some *flatt'ring Tale*, to charm a *Baby*'s Ear,
And train him up in true *S---villian Fear*;
Teach him on none to caſt a placid Eye,
But thoſe who *fawn* like *B-te*, like *S---ville fly*.
From *Friends* * like theſe, the worſt of Miſchiefs ſpring:
A *ruin'd Nation*, and a *childiſh* **** †.
——*Tutor!* adopted *Father!* worthy *Thane!*
All Hail!——not *Chatham* ‡ now, but *B---* ſhall *reign* §.
Let *B---* to *T---t-rs* now freſh Aid reſtore,
And help to *ſink* that *State* he *plung'd* before;

* Particular *Juntos*, or other *Factions*, in *ſome Reigns*, have *inſolently* endeavoured to diſtinguiſh themſelves by the peculiar Appellation of *King's Friends*, thereby modeſtly inferring that the Reſt of the People were his *Enemies*.

† *Woe* be to that Nation (ſays one of the *Prophets*) which hath a *Child* for its ****.

‡ The *Tory-Party* were much enraged at Lord *Chatham's Reſignation*, " becauſe (as he ſaid) he was no longer permitted to *guide* thoſe Counſels for which he was to be *reſponſible*—Then came a *B---*, who not only *guided*, but *uſurped*; not only *adviſed*, but *reigned moſt abſolutely*, paramount all the *three great Eſtates*.

§ " *Tuus* jam regnat *Apollo*."

Rememb'ring, in his *miniſterial Rage*,
He only plays a Part on *England*'s Stage.
Some *Altamont* to her Relief may fly,
And then *Lothario* by his Arm muſt *die* *.

* *N. B.* This is true *poetical Juſtice*—V. Rowe's Fair Penitent.

Non *Omnibus* uſque ad PLAUDITE *vivendum* eſt,

ſays *Tully*—ſo thought *Felton*, when he *bravely ſtabbed* that *Minion Villiers*, Duke of Buckingham.

FINIS.

POEMS *lately publiſhed by* J. BEW, *No.* 28, *in* Pater-Noſter-Row.

I. Price One Shilling, the 2d Edition of

THE WATCH, an Ode. Humbly inſcribed to the Right Hon. the Earl of *M---f---d.*

To which is added,

THE GENIUS OF AMERICA TO GEN. CARLETON. An Ode.

———Timeo *Danaos* et *Dona* ferentes.

France ſends a *Preſent*; *England* ſmiles and liſtens;
Remember, Sire, "All is not Gold that gliſtens."

"The ſubject of this lively Ode is the preſent of a Watch which the King is ſaid to have received lately from the French Court. Though the poet has not perhaps made the moſt of the idea, his Ode has much merit, and contains ſome ſtrokes of true wit. The motto from Virgil is apt, and we have little doubt that our poet's Watch will *go*, and turn out to be a *repeater*."—Vide Critical Review, February, 1778.

II. Price One Shilling and Sixpence,

ROYAL PERSEVERANCE; a Poem, &c.

———————"Ill ſtand,
"As if a Man were *Author of himſelf*,
"And knew *no other Kin*"———

SHAKESP. *Coriolanus*.—Picture of *Obſtinate Perſeverance*.

III. Price One Shilling and Sixpence,

TYRANNY the WORST TAXATION, a Poetical Epiſtle to the Right Honourable Lord N——, oſtenſible Prime M——r.

——"In *Poiſon* there is *Phyſic*." SHAKESPEAR.

IV. Price One Shilling and Sixpence,

An Epiſtle to W-----m E--l of M---f---d, the moſt unpopular Man in the Kingdom, except his ——— and L——d *B*——.

———————"A *hovering Temporizer*, that
Canſt with thine Eyes at once ſee *Good* and *Evil*,
Inclining to *them both*."———

SHAKESP. Wint. Tale.

V. Price One Shilling and Sixpence,

Capt. PAROLLES at *M-nden*; a rough Sketch for the Royal Academy, &c.

Parolles.—"I am a Man whom Fortune hath *cruelly ſcratched*—I find *my Tongue* is too "*fool hardy*; but my *Heart* hath the *Fear of Mars* before it, and of all his Creatures, not "daring the Reports of *my Tongue*."

Helena.—"You muſt needs be born *under Mars* when he was *retrograde*, you go ſo much "*backwards* when you *fight*."

Shakeſp.—All's Well, that *Ends Well*.

The above by the ſame Author.

VI. Em-

VI. Embelliſhed with an emblematical Device, Price 2s. in Quarto,

THE FANATIC SAINTS, or BEDLAMITES INSPIRED; with explanatory Notes, &c.

"The character of a Methodiſt (numbers muſt be always excepted in general characters) is ſuppoſed to be a mixture of ignorance and folly, piety and hypocrily: but this writer treats the whole tribe as downright ſcoundrels. 'I cannot ſee with temper (ſays he in his motto) ſo many religious mountebanks impoſe on the unwary multitude; wretches, who make a trade of religion, and ſhew an uncommon concern for the next world, only to raiſe their fortunes with greater ſecurity in this. HYPOCRITE, Act I. Sc. 1.' Under this perſuaſion he laſhes them without mercy—his deſcription of their origin is written in the ſpirit of Churchill."—Vide Critical Review, Dec. 1777.

"A ſevere and well-written ſatire on the Methodiſts and other pretenders to extraordinary piety, whom the ſatiriſt treats as impoſtors and hypocrites.—We believe he is, in the main, right; though there is no general rule without exception."—Vide Appendix to London Review, 1777.

VII. Printed in the ſame Size, Price 2s. and ornamented alſo with an emblematical Frontiſpiece

PERFECTION; a Poetical Epiſtle; *calmly* addreſſed to the greateſt *Hypocrite* in England.

"*He*, like an *hypocritic Brother*,
"Profeſſes *one Thing*, does *another*:
"Thus all Things where they're moſt profeſt,
"Are found to be regarded leaſt."

BUTLER—*upon* P. Nye's (*an* hypocritical Turncoat's) Thankſgiving-Beard.

"A ſevere, impetuous attack upon Mr. John W----y. Another piece, in the ſame ſtyle and manner, by the ſame Author, entitled The Saints, is mentioned in our laſt Number." Critical Review for January, 1778.

VIII. The ſame Size and Price as the above, with a humorous Frontiſpiece,

SKETCHES FOR TABERNACLE-FRAMES.

——Digito monſtrari, et dicier *Hic eſt*. HOR.

Whether *Impoſtors ſinner* it, or *ſaint* it,
If *Knav'ry* grows *ridiculous*, I'll paint it.

"The ſame biting Satiriſt continues his unmerciful attack on Mr. Weſley, his aſſociates, and his followers: ſee Rev. *January* laſt, p. 73; alſo *April*, p. 305. He continues, as uſual, his Hogarthian copper-plate frontiſpieces; and he ſeems to have a ſhrewd talent for deſigns of this ludicrous kind. Mr. W. figures, here, as a medical, political, and religious quack."—Vide Monthly Review, Auguſt, 1778.

IX. The ſame Size, ornamented with a humorous Frontiſpiece, Price 2s. 6d.

THE LOVE-FEAST; a Poem.

"I ſpeak that I do *know*." SHAKESP.

"Sure *they* their *Worſhip primitive*
"From *Heathen Prieſthood* do derive."—HUDIBRAS.

"*More* ſcourging of W—ſ—y, Ro——e, Ha—s, and their "mock ſaints."—This indefatigable, angry OLDHAM the ſecond, ſeems determined to write down the Methodiſts,—or himſelf.—An *ungodly frontiſpiece*, as uſual".——Vide Monthly Review, Auguſt, 1778.

X. The ſame Size, Price Two Shillings, with an emblematical Frontiſpiece.

THE TEMPLE OF IMPOSTURE; a Poem.

——"The baſeleſs Fabric of a *Viſion!*" Shakeſpeare.

"*Yet more* rhyming, engraving, and raving againſt "holy Impoſtors, and Prieſtcraft," and "Foundery Saints"—pious cheats, and ſlaviſh politics. In this viſionary poem (for it is deviſed, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, *in the ſimilitude of a dream*) the Poet celebrates a number of well-known characters, ſuch as he deems proper to figure in the TEMPLE of IMPOSTURE, from Mahomet and Loyola, down to Mrs. Tofts the rabbit-breeder, Fanny the Cock-lane ghoſt, and our Author's grand favourite, J—n W——y. There is a great deal of good poetry in this *wicked* performance."—Vide Monthly Review, Auguſt, 1778.